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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"



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C. Foreland

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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No.

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FEBRUARY, 1925

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 9

Do not forget to read the story that explains the picture on the front page of this issue.

It was that Homer of the Insects, the gentle, lovable Fabre, who said: "Even though poorly clad, Truth is still beautiful."

THE Parent-Teachers Association of the country is fast becoming a potent factor, especially in certain states, in advancing the cause of humane education.

GOOD news from Oklahoma! Humane Education is about to be introduced into the schools of the State. Oklahoma has a compulsory humane education law.

RODEO cruelty in England is punished. One "Tex Miller" has been sentenced to two months of hard labor for cruelty to a horse, trying to make it buck and jump.

ONE of the leading law journals of the day has recently called attention to the remarkable change in the attitude of the general public toward the care and protection of animals as seen in the growth of humane societies.

IF furs were worn as much for warmth as for ornament, one might suggest that a part of those exhibited on our streets might be used to cover the whole body instead of leaving a third of it to the tender mercies of personal vanity.

ONE hundred and seventy-four men have been flogged in the prisons of Texas since January 1, 1924. Such is the statement made by the Prison Commissioner, Walter Sayle. These corporal punishments, often brutal in their nature, are legalized in Texas.

EVIDENCE accumulates according to medical authority that certain rashes breaking out on neck, shoulders, and the face of fur wearers are due to the fur or the dyes used. It's a pity that some of the poor victims of the trap couldn't know of this before they were flayed!

A WREATH FOR A COLLAR

A Faithful Horse and His Master's Affection

ON the front page of this issue appears a picture.* Here is the story as it came to us and as confirmed by a letter from Mr. Deutsch himself:—

Thirty-four years ago the now prosperous senior member of Deutsch Brothers, operators of a chain of big furniture shops in New York and in other cities, was laying the foundation of his business in a basement of Avenue A. It was a small store and so was the business. It meant worry and hard work for the "partners" and "Bob," then a two-year-old chestnut, shouldered his share like a man—no, better than that, like a horse.

Every morning, even before the shawled women whom poverty drove to an early market for a bargain, were toiling through the streets, Deutsch and Bob were out on their rounds in the East side. Hard times often produced crises and Mr. Deutsch believed that Bob used to know when the pulling was hard for the master as well as for himself.

The business grew, however, and each year saw Bob and life on better terms. Lighter grew his burdens, and the more than one hundred drivers who handled him had their natural consideration for the old horse quickened by knowledge that the "Boss's" eyes were on Bob.

On Saturday afternoon, in the presence of three hundred employees of the Deutsch store at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, including deputations from the store at Fifty-eighth Street and Avenue A—now about a half-block long—was the harness lifted from Bob for the last time and a wreath placed where the collar pads had rested for years. In state he was escorted to the farm near Baldwin, L. I., where he is to spend his remaining days in rest and comfort.

"That horse," said Mr. Deutsch, "was one of the most faithful animals I have ever seen. He was such a willing worker and helped me in the old days to bear the troubles and sorrows, I am now going to let him share my joys and prosperity."

*The apparent enlargement of a front ankle is only apparent. It is the right hind ankle slightly out of line that causes the appearance of enlargement.

THE DOG AND THE PRISONER

THE chaplain of the Maine prison to which Governor Baxter sent a handsome collie, writes that "the influence of the dog's companionship over the inmates is even beyond what was anticipated." Though known as "Governor," he is called by a score of names, each man giving him the name of the pet dog he happened to have in other days. The one who particularly has the charge of him, his feeding, and care, is a man who is under a life sentence, and this man's devotion to the dog and his association with him have brought an experience that is almost like the dawning of a new day.

Governor Baxter's deed, the story of it, crossed the sea. From the south of France there came to us a gift from a dear personal friend, and a friend of our cause, with the request that by means of it we follow the Governor's example where opportunity offered. This we have been glad to do. From the warden of a state's prison to which we sent a collie comes this letter: "I am acknowledging the receipt of the fine dog you sent us. He is getting to be a great friend of the prisoners, and seems to like his surroundings very much." And the superintendent of an industrial school for girls to which we sent a fine little Boston terrier writes: "In our receiving cottage little lonely homesick children have become interested in and loved a pet dog and cat belonging to the matron, and when all overtures of friendliness were repulsed by the child toward the officer, the introduction of the dog and cat secured the desired results, and friendliness and understanding were established. I am certain that beneficial results must follow to the children and to those who care for them."

We have also sent a beautiful collie to a state school in Maine upon Governor Baxter's request. All this will cheer the heart of the gracious friend in France who was quick to recognize the significance and the beneficial influence upon human character of such a deed as that of Maine's rare governor.

"BE Kind to Animals Week" and "Humane Sunday" will be observed this year in practically every country round the globe.

PUBLIC UNITING IN HUMANE MOVEMENT

JACK LONDON CLUB DEMANDS TRAINING OF ANIMALS BE FREE FROM CRUELTY

IF you disapprove of animal performances and want to help to put an end to them.

Join the Jack London Club

by agreeing to withdraw from all exhibitions of trained animals and sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.

AN aggregation of rodeo ruffians encountered considerable opposition recently when staging their contests in Kansas City, Mo. It is to the great credit of the Humane Society of Wyandotte County, Kansas, and a few individuals that some efforts were made to prevent those exhibitions of brazen cruelty. At least a vigorous educational campaign was launched. Public denunciation by several persons of high standing and influence was secured and a return or repetition of the rodeo menace made less likely.

NEW FILM REGISTERS CRUELTY

A CORRESPONDENT of Delhi, N. Y., writes the Jack London Club as follows:—"We are moving picture lovers. Three nights ago we happened to see the new projection of Jack London's 'Call of the Wild.' The film should certainly be driven from the market. The camera has been merciless in its registration of the fear and agony on the face of the beautiful dog that plays the part of 'Buck' in the picture. Several other dogs are also in the picture. The whole thing is sickening. The last thing in the world its author, Jack London, would have wanted is to keep his story alive in this hideous way."

NO "BULLDOGGING" ALLOWED

DR. T. H. KINDRED, head of the Humane Society at Sioux Falls, S. D., recently won a victory of vast importance in his determination to stop the bulldogging of steers at a rodeo promoted for purely commercial purposes held at Sioux Falls, S. D. Dr. Kindred deserves the congratulations and commendation of the humane societies of the country for his single-handed and successful effort to prevent a "bulldogging" exhibition, as cruel, degrading and intolerable a spectacle as ever was presented before the American public. His timely and courageous action is thus reported and appraised by the *Richland County Farmer of Wahpeton, N. D.*:

Appearing before a crowd of 7,000 people, Dr. Kindred, as the lone representative of a small humane society, announced that if the practice of bulldogging steers was continued he would move to stop the show and arrest the participants.

It took nerve to appear before a thoughtless crowd, filled with the spirit of a Roman holiday, and stand so emphatically for a principle as admirable as that of humane treatment of animals, who suffer as much as do humans from pain and torture, but are helpless to voice their suffering or to combat it.

The crowd alternately hissed and cheered Dr. Kindred. There are still a great many people in the world who can be amused by cruelty. But the number of people who will not sit still and permit it steadily is increasing.

The average rodeo is just as reprehensible as a bull-fight or a dog-fight. It is a relic of



THESE SIBERIAN TIGERS WERE SHIPPED AT VLADIVOSTOK TO SAN FRANCISCO. CONSIGNEE WAS UNABLE FOR SOME TIME TO RAISE AMOUNT OF TRANSPORTATION CHARGES. THEIR LONG VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN CAGES TOO SMALL FOR GOOD-SIZED DOGS SHOWS THE CRUELITIES OF CONFINEMENT OF WILD ANIMALS WHEN RELIEF FOR THEM THERE IS NONE NOR INTERFERENCE IN THEIR BEHALF POSSIBLE.

barbarism, prompted by the savage instinct, designed for the amusement of savages.

Probably commercial interests at Sioux Falls will attempt no more rodeos with their inevitable cruelties to lower forms of life incapable of protest. Probably other northwestern towns planning rodeos will think twice before they attempt to hold them and probably the barbaric practice of bulldogging steers has been considerably depopularized.

TRAINING A ZOO ELEPHANT

HERE is the impartial but vivid account of the training of an elephant to give rides to children at the London Zoo. The eye witness is a reporter on the *Star*. His description reveals yet another phase of cruelty that is little known or even suspected:

"Ranee's hind legs were first trussed with ropes; she was tethered by the neck to Indarini's massive ribs, towed willy-nilly, charged and knocked over repeatedly by Indarini, unceasingly belabored with a stout, thick stick by the full power of a man's arm on one side, while just in front of her head was another man carrying a long stick fitted with an iron spear-head.

"For a quarter of an hour he caused Indarini to charge with his huge head into Ranee, sometimes broadside on, sometimes on to her hind-quarters.

"The concussion appeared to hurt Ranee, and at every charge she squealed piteously, whereas before the charge she was silent.

"The *Star* representative followed them back

and stood outside the stall while Ranee was untrussed. Her front foot was first shackled with a chain. When the ropes were removed from her back legs there was a raw wound, no doubt caused by Ranee's own struggles."

The authorities responsible for this course of training admit that it is the "usual way"; that it is not cruel, but only "harsh." Who is to be the judge?

OVER THE CANADIAN BORDER

THE Jack London Clubs on the other side of the line have done much for the better treatment of animals. But until the public gets more educated to the necessity of giving our dumb animals a decent chance among those who exhibit them for gain, we cannot hope for much humanitarian progress.

Horses are more humanely treated than they were a generation ago. We became wise to their sufferings and demanded proper treatment of them. The circus animal is behind the scenes, unfortunately, and the public is unaware of the desperate methods used to bring them to submission. The periodical *Our Dumb Animals*, which is fairly well circulated in this country, is doing good work in bringing to the notice of the people certain scandals that go unchecked.

Let us do our bit to make life more tolerable for all wild animals in captivity. Perhaps some day in that golden age of wild creatures of which some of us dream, it will be a criminal offense to imprison them.

—Kamloops (B. C.) Sentinel

Nearly 200 Essays Received in Prize Contest

Writers from Forty States, from Ireland, Hawaii, and Syria, and from all Parts of Canada Discuss
"The Humane Treatment of the Horse"

THE prize essay contest, in which a first prize of \$30 and a second prize of \$20, was offered by Mr. George Foster Howell of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the best article on "The Humane Treatment of the Horse," closed December 31, 1924, with 197 entries. The contestants were widely distributed throughout the United States and other countries. Of the essays, only 23 came from Massachusetts, while 22 were from Pennsylvania and 19 from California. New York sent 15, and Michigan and Missouri each contributed eight. There were but eight states not represented, while the District of Columbia and Hawaii entered the lists. Five provinces of Canada, Ireland and far-off Syria also participated.

The authors represent many walks in life in addition to that of the professional writer. From a college dean in Iowa, a bevy of high school girls in Pennsylvania, an army Major in Massachusetts, an editor in Colorado, two Japanese lads in Honolulu, a doctor in Indiana, a farmer's wife in Maine, a Band of Mercy youth in Syria—to mention but a few—they came.

Varying, indeed, are the merits of the respective essays. The most of them show careful thought and all exhibit a rare appreciation of the horse. Some do not stick very closely to the subject; a few of exceptional merit were necessarily barred from the contest because they did not observe the rule limiting the length to 600 words. A composite of the best points brought out in all the essays would make most interesting reading.

The first prize, \$30 cash, is awarded to Mrs. O. F. Frederick, 230 South Sixth Street, Reading, Pa. The second prize, \$20 cash, is awarded to Mrs. Mildred Claunch, 848 Gough Street, San Francisco, Cal. Honorable mention, with a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, is awarded to Ernest L. Thurston, Box 44, New Lisbon, N. J., and to Mrs. Lillian G. Peck, Coram, Montana.

Awarded First Prize, \$30 Cash

MRS. O. F. FREDERICK

EVERYTHING that contributes to the existence, comfort and pleasure of human



"BARNEY," WHO LIVED TO THE AGE OF THIRTY UNDER THE CARE OF M. E. MORET, NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

beings is inseparably linked with the service of the horse. In this day of automobiles and machinery, we should not forget what a life-long debt of gratitude we owe the horse, which has been man's unpaid partner throughout the centuries, helping him clear the forests, establish homesteads, open up roadways and streets, erect cities. He has provided man with food, water, fuel, clothes, recreation—has lived and died for his master. He cannot be paid for his services in money, so the only way we can show our appreciation of his noble disinterested partnership is by giving him the very best treatment within our power.

He should be kept in a clean, comfortable stable (a box stall, if possible), well ventilated, cool in summer and warm in winter. He should have good food and plenty of it, three times a day, and all the fresh water he wants to drink. He should be well groomed every morning and evening, and care taken to see that his teeth, hoofs and entire body are in good physical condition. He cannot complain when he has a toothache, or any other ailment, but one needs only to look into his intelligent eyes to read there the message which he is unable to express in human language.

Every effort should be made to have a horse's harness well-fitting and comfortable, so he can do his work easily, without undue strain or pressure on any part of his body. To do his best work, a horse should have unrestricted freedom of his head and full use of his eyes—the overhead checkrein and blinders should never be used. He should be given one day of rest each week, and, if possible, two weeks' vacation each year.

A horse likes to be talked to, and, though he may not understand the words, he certainly does understand the tone of voice, and if treated as a friend, he learns to love his master and shows pleasure at his approach. He likes a treat, too, the same as do humans. A bit of sugar, an apple, a carrot, given with an affectionate caress, will make the day brighter for the horse, for after all, there is very little difference between human nature and horse nature, "*'Tis love that makes the world go round,*" was not written merely for humans—it applies equally well to the animal world, and when a horse knows that his master loves him, his daily task becomes a pleasure, and with light heart and perfect confidence he gives the best that is in him to this human comrade, who is the only god a horse knows.

If a horse's services could be estimated in dollars and cents at even a minimum wage, every horse would easily earn sufficient money, during his best working days, to maintain him in leisurely comfort after his youthful vigor is past—given freely and without thought of recompense to the need of mankind. It is not, therefore, sentimental to urge that an old horse should never be sold or given away to some one who may ill-treat him. It is merely an act of justice that this faithful partner be cared for in his old age, or if this is not possible, that he be painlessly put to death after his period of usefulness is ended, when to prolong his life would mean nothing but misery and slow starvation to this most loyal of all our dumb friends.

Awarded Second Prize, \$20 Cash

MRS. MILDRED CLAUNCH

I AM a horse, just an ordinary horse. Though some people call me a "dumb animal," I am intelligent. I have feelings. I appreciate being fed little dainties. I enjoy a bit of loving and petting—same as you.

I want to be treated fair. All I ask is not to be abused, not to be neglected if you wish me to work satisfactorily for you.

Please feed me regularly—give me regular hours as near as possible. My stomach "growls" at meal-times—same as yours. Give me grass, hay and grain. I like barley, oats and corn fine. If you want to be especially good to me, feed me carrots, turnips, potatoes, parsnips and apples. These are my "candies."

Give me a drink of water occasionally during the day. I get thirsty walking in the sun and working hard. I always like a drink at night, too, so please fill my pail fresh at the evening meal.

Keep me in a stable that is clean and well-aired. I like a comfortable bed—same as you, though give me straw, shavings, sawdust and the like.

Don't shut me off entirely from my companions. I like "company" and if there are any other horses in the stable, I enjoy talking and gossiping a little at the end of the day—same as you.

If it's cold, cover me, especially at night. When I must stand in a cold atmosphere, uncovered, for a long period of time, I suffer—same as you. When I'm working, I don't mind, but at night, it's different.

Shoe me—often and properly. The concrete roads are not as easy on the feet as were the dirt roads of ten years ago. See that I get shoes that fit. Take me to a blacksmith that loves horses and I'll guarantee that I'll be well-shod. I need the best shape and weight shoes for my feet—same as you.

Have my harness fit well. I don't like it



DR. FRANK S. BIGELOW, SKOWHEGAN, MAINE, AND HIS UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT HORSE, "GLADIATOR"

so loose that it flaps or so tight that it binds or rubs. Keep it nice and clean as well as soft and do oil it occasionally. Try to be gentle when putting it on, especially on my head.

I have a limit of strength, so don't overload or overwork me if you count on keeping me fit and efficient. Some folks believe I am made "out of iron" and treat me accordingly. Go easy down hills and stop a bit to let me breathe at the top of steep inclines.

Please don't make a practice of using the whip just to "see me go." It hurts! I'll go far better when treated kindly. Remember I can develop a case of "nerves"—same as you.

Speak to me gently, but firmly.

*"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love, than fear."*

I understand and obey better than when you are irate and rough. Let me know your signals—that "whoa" means stop and "get-up" means start. I have an excellent memory, but I get mixed up sometimes—same as you.

I am a horse. I want to be your companion as well as your worker. Give me a name and call me by it with a bit of tenderness in your voice once in a while; I'll understand and work better for you.

I end my plea for you to be humane to me with Coleridge's words:

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."*



Photo from Boston Post

FORMER FIRE-HORSE BEING RESCUED FROM HARBOR

FROM the ice-cold water of Boston Harbor the horse is being drawn up on to dry land. He had taken fright on the Fish Pier, cleared himself from his harness and plunged overboard. An M. S. P. C. A. ambulance was summoned, also aid from the Boston Fire Department, which sent its powerful wrecking crane, long ladders, which may be seen in the picture, and a number of men. While hundreds of anxious eyes watched the procedure, the horse was raised from the icy water and swung on to the pier amid the applause of the crowd.

It was an emergency well met—a job done with efficiency and despatch, and when the rescue was completed it was discovered that the horse had once served in the Boston Fire Department and been retired. He was put into the waiting ambulance and taken to the hospital little the worse for his strange experience.

Big Game Hunting

From "IN THE DRIFTWAY" in *The Nation*

THE Drifter does not mind confessing that most of his experience with big-game hunting has been in the library. There he has read with breathless interest and burning indignation the tale of some intrepid hunter who sneaked through the African bush and returned with seven lion skins, twelve pairs of elephant tusks, an alligator's eye tooth, and the left hind foot of a hippopotamus. His sporting blood is easily aroused, but it is aroused always in sympathy for the animal against the hunter. So far there is no immediate danger that the human race will become extinct; therefore, the Drifter is on the side of those species for whom extinction is a very real possibility. The massive elephant, the lumbering rhinoceros, the sinuous lion—he would cheerfully sacrifice an occasional member of the genus *homo* to provide any one of these with a good dinner. And if that member be an ordinary big-game hunter, with no interest in the animal except the "sport" he derives from pursuing and killing it with weapons immeasurably superior to the animal's own, the dinner would doubtless be all the sweeter.

There are, however, certain hunters of wild animals for whom the Drifter has only respect and envy. These are the ones who, leaving their rifles behind for some kind friend to hold, advance armed only with a camera and return with trophies infinitely more valuable than a hide or a tusk. Nor is this sport one to be

sniffed at as too easy. The man with the camera gets closer to the animal than the man with the gun, and has only his two legs and his wits to carry him out of a situation that may easily become critical. Thanks to the activities of the "sportsman," the African elephant, for example, has become so timid that he almost never appears except at night. In the day time he stays safely in the almost impenetrable bush, and the eye of the camera can find him in the open only at dawn and not often then. Even the slight click made by the closing shutter frightens the largest living animal; he plunges about in his excitement; sometimes he runs away; sometimes he runs toward this little creature in front of him that has just made such a queer noise. At this moment, were he in the photographer's place, the Drifter hopes that his dignity would not desert him.

From time to time, as he read that there were only a few herd of giraffe left, or that the rhinoceros was becoming scarcer and scarcer, or that the bounty on lion skins in one section of the African jungle was high enough to bring in hundreds of specimens every year, the Drifter has wished that he had a few miles of territory which he might fence around and allow wild animals to roam in unmolested. And to his great delight, he learns that just that has happened, although through no agency of his. The Belgian Government has set aside 250 square miles of territory near the Uganda district; in this sanctuary not a beast nor a plant will be killed or removed by man, although scientists will be permitted to make observations and to take pictures there. The Drifter has already bought his ticket; as soon as the modern Garden of Eden is announced as officially ready he will take his leave. The rest of his life will be spent with his brother the bison and his cousin the gorilla; from time to time he will climb up and peer into one of the three volcanoes that are included in the sacred territory. Doubtless he will often see a zoologist with a camera or a botanist with a microscope. He will remember having seen such an animal before, but will be sure that it is not indigenous to his present abode and will pass it by warily, not quite comfortable until he sniffs its strange scent no longer.

THE DRIFTER

KEEP POSTED ON COCK FIGHTS

EVERY humane society should procure copies of *Grit and Steel*, a monthly published by Ed. H. DeCamp, Gaffney, South Carolina, which sells for fifteen cents, and look through it for game-cock fights held in their territory. This magazine lists the times, dates and places of tournaments, the names of the people entering, and also reports the fights afterwards. In the December number, promoters at El Paso, Texas, are advertising a main at Juarez, Mexico, lasting from January 19 to 23, 1925. A Denver, Colorado, advertiser gives an account of mains fought there. A tournament is advertised for Milton, Florida, January 20-22, 1925, and also in this issue a large tournament is advertised on a farm near Winchester and Paris, Kentucky, for January 8, 1925. Portsmouth, Ohio, has a standing advertisement to have such mains held there, and advertised the Ohio Valley Tournament, later in the season, at their pit.

THE AQUARIUM

HAROLD FALLER

THREE sides were covered thick with green
but one,
And that was clean;—it faced the shade so that
the sun
Could not obstruct my vision, breeding scum.

The life was even in the tank;—I mean to say,
It held the water, fish, and plants, a proper way,
So that a world was formed to function day by
day.

It used a secret known to all those wise,
That all must live for one, and one for all, or
else it dies,
Which is a rule that holds for worlds of any size.

And I, a meditative soul, whose custom was to
view
The beauties rare of stream and pool, oft would
in lieu
Of these, pour all my fancies in the tank to brew.

I thought it naught to let an hour, or even more,
pass,
To follow up a snail's erratic path
And watch his teeth scrape crescent etchings on
the glass.

My friends all asked me what I saw within to
so absorb me.
They said, "The fish are pretty, it is true, but
what can be
The use of looking more than once to see?"

I could not answer that, nor would I ask a
soul to stay
And watch the little things just live and play—
But then I knew, as soon as they had gone away,

That I could never blind myself to truths too
small to know.
And so, on almost any day, one could find me
bending low,
Within an inch of glass, content to watch all
nature grow.

VOICES AND EARS OF FISH

L. E. EUBANKS

ARE fish deaf and dumb? By no means. Science says that some three hundred kinds of fish are known to produce sound audible to human ears. Perhaps none can equal that African frog that has an under-water call which can be heard several miles, but many can speak up very decidedly. The common red gurnard of the English coast grunts loudly when he is hauled out of the sea. Seamen say that it is a croaking sort of noise, such as would be expected from a young rook.

The butterman fish, best known in Scotland, makes a distinct hooting noise from the back of his throat when caught. This fish is not large, but a shoal of them can give an unearthly serenade. The shellfish of Ceylon are actually musical. In still weather, when the water has ebbed from the mussel beds for a few hours, these shellfish can be heard producing a long, low, fluty sound. They have no throats, so the sound must come from manipulation of their double shells.

There are several kinds of fish that make a noise like pigs, some of them being called pig-fish and hog-fish. The sea-cock-fish is so called because it "crows." Yet another kind emits a note like the deep pedal of an organ. There is a certain kind of fish that utters a

Christmas for Boston Horses



Photo from Boston Traveler

POST-OFFICE SQUARE, BOSTON, THE SATURDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, assisted by many public-spirited, generous friends, held its eighth annual Christmas dinner for horses in Post Office Square, Boston, on the Saturday before Christmas Day. Around a beautiful tree decorated with sparkling tinsel, garland, artificial apples and carrots, red bells and many-colored "Be Kind to Animals" and "Blanket the Horse" pennants, there gathered a throng of participants, horses, drivers, men, women and children, so great at times as to tax the capacity of the Square.

Oats, apples, carrots and corn made up the ration supplied to the equine guests, with hot coffee and doughnuts for drivers and helpers. Voluntary assistants by the score found it a pleasure to aid the officers and employees of the Society in preparing and serving all that

was on the bill of fare, with here and there a few lumps of sugar contributed privately and distributed personally.

It is a Yule-tide festival that originated in Boston and has since been carried out with success and benefit in not a few other cities. No more attractive, open-air, free-to-all, humane celebration at a time when human hearts are responsive to the call for special consideration and recognition of our humble but worthy helpers, can be held. Says the *Christian Science Monitor* of this annual event:

"It has been noted by persons who come to the party every year that the horses now seem better cared for and happier than in former years. These observers believe that the horses' annual Christmas party has had something to do in bringing greater consideration and kindness to those friends of man."

MRS. HELEN LORRAINE

MRS. HELEN LORRAINE of Alhambra, California, widely known for her untiring efforts in behalf of the dumb and helpless, died late in December.

In addition to many humane activities in other organizations and places, she founded the Alhambra-San Gabriel Humane Society, and continued to be one of its moving spirits up to the time of her death.

A WARNING TO HORSEMEN

PRESIDENT R. H. Murray of the Halifax (N. S.) S. P. C. recently prosecuted a driver of a mail team whose horse was inadequately shod and had fallen on a slippery street. Defendant was found guilty, and Mr. Murray asked for a suspended sentence until May 1, when the dangers of slippery going will have passed, believing that such action will serve as a warning to others in the meantime.

shriek, and another that makes night vocal with a constant boom.

And fish hear. Not only that, but there is some evidence that they possess at least rudimentary power of discrimination. Experiments proved that some sounds repel them, while they are somewhat attracted by music. Sensitiveness to lightning has been noted in fish; in several cases they have died in tanks and pools from effects of lightning that really struck some distance away.

DOMINANCE AMONG ANIMALS

HIS Neighbor—Why don't you get rid of that measly hound of yours? He's only a mongrel and nothing but a nuisance.

Mr. Meekinmild—I wouldn't part with him for any money. Nuisance he may be. Mongrel he is. But he's the only member of my household that respects and obeys me.

—Guide to Nature

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1925

FOR TERMS, see inside front cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE FURNACE TEST WITH GUINEA PIGS

INQUIRY into the cruel act of throwing live guinea pigs into a furnace in the alleged attempt to solve the death of a woman in Ohio whose body was found in the furnace has brought forth the following from Dr. Walter B. Cannon of Harvard Medical School:—

"I wish to make it clear to your mind the fact that the experiment performed at Columbus was in no sense a scientific one. It was a medico-legal test, and has no scientific interest whatever. I do not believe that there is a laboratory worker anywhere who could commit the abomination of exposing to flames an unanesthetized animal. If that were done, the law against cruelty to animals should be instantly brought to bear upon him, and no one would be more heartily in favor of applying its full rigors than I."

FUR ECZEMA

UNDER this heading the doctor in charge of the Health Column of the *Boston Herald* asserts that evidence accumulates to show that fur causes rashes on the neck, shoulders, and about the face of the wearer. This fur eczema he believes will increase unless strenuous efforts are made by the fur manufacturers through careful research work to find the nature of the poison and counteract it. Continuing, Dr. Evans says:

Fur eczema may be caused by the fur itself. There are people who are extremely sensitive to hair. When exposed to hair these people get asthma or hives. The greater part of the trouble is due, not to the hair itself, but to the dyes used in the fabricating of furs. Some dyes are quite poisonous, some slightly so, and some may not be at all poisonous to anybody.

The last word has not been said on the question of which dyes are safe and which unsafe. There is where the research department would come in. The reason for the statement that the danger was due to increase was that the principal danger seemed to lie in those dyes which are used to make one fur little esteemed look like another which was more sought after. As the skunk gradually replaces the sable as a source of sable fur, the ghosts walk farther abroad.

IN Scotland the owner of an animal, if convicted of cruelty to it, may be deprived of his ownership in it, the court making such disposition of it as it sees fit.

A TOO COMMON CRUELTY

The Farmer's Treatment of the Bull

MR. EDWARD O. DEAN is the author of an excellent editorial in the *Providence News* of recent date upon this subject. It is so entirely true and needs such wide publicity that we gladly give it in part, and hope many of the farmers' and dairymen's journals will reproduce it. We have seen, even in stables of those who claimed to be breeders of fine cattle, the unhappy bull fairly pinned down to his stall by a stanchion or perpetually shut up in a small indoor box. Mr. Dean says:

Every few days or so the newspapers print reports of a man having been gored to death by a bull. In about nine cases out of ten, man—maybe not the particular individual victim—but man as a whole and not the bull, is at fault.

A fine bull is one of the handsomest specimens of the dumb animal on earth.

The bull will respond to kind and humane treatment quicker than any other beast we know anything about, with the lone exception of the dog, man's truest animal friend.

We have been in farmers' barns where bulls were kept in stalls, with their necks in stanchions, day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out. Isn't it enough to drive any bull frantic? He becomes cross and crabbed—desperate.

Intelligent, progressive farmers, who make a study of the care of their animals as they make a study of the planting of their crops, give their bulls a reasonable amount of exercise. Bulls need a little space in which to "work off" their surplus energy, like a healthy, red-blooded man.

Instead of keeping them closely confined, up-to-date farmers and stock raisers provide an enclosure for their bulls where they can walk around. Bulls so enclosed seldom "go mad" and attack their keepers.

If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals wants a constructive piece of advice, it might inquire into the treatment of bulls on many farms in this country—not on real farms conducted by real farmers, but on certain small places where ignorant, careless men have charge of dumb brutes.

So we say, give the bulls a square deal. Let us not be too ready to condemn them for turning on a cruel or indifferent keeper.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

"AN APPALLING BOOK"

THIS is what a distinguished lawyer has said of William H. Skaggs' "Southern Oligarchy." The story it tells, backed by evidence that cannot be disputed, of disfranchisement, of the horrors connected with many a southern prison, with life in the chain gang, with the system of peonage, with the pitiful state of what is nothing less than involuntary servitude, merits the term "appalling." Himself a Southerner, born and reared in the South, of parents also there born and buried, Mr. Skaggs has recounted the history of what has been in reality an invisible oligarchy that has ruled the South for years and at whose doors must be laid the responsibility not only for the greater part of the crimes that have disgraced many of the Southern states, but retarded their financial and commercial and social progress. Clearly it is made to appear that this powerful element reigning and ruling in darkness is opposed by all the better and finer people of the South, and that he is voicing the protest of thousands against its tyranny as well as his own. It is a book whose revelations will astonish all who read it and which must lead, if anything can, to the overthrow of this blighting power in the life of the South.

RESCUES HIS MASTER

FROM Montana comes this story of a dog's fidelity and intelligence:—

Johnson fell fifty feet to the bottom of an abandoned mine while herding sheep and was so badly bruised he was unable to speak above a whisper when he regained consciousness. His chances of being rescued depended on his brother missing him and chancing across the deserted mine shaft.

Arvid Johnson, the brother, told his story about the rescue:

"I was awakened at an early hour by Fred's dog trying to pull the blankets off me, and at the same time barking to attract my attention. I thought nothing of it. I thought he merely wanted to play. When I refused to play he left. A few minutes later I heard him barking at the horses and decided something was wrong.

"I got up and discovered the dog trying to round up my saddle pony. When he saw me he rushed up, barking wildly and catching my coat, as if wanting me to follow him. He led me direct to the mine shaft. The moment I saw that hole in the ground something told me Fred was in it. I summoned help, was lowered to the bottom and found Fred covered with blood from a gash caused by his chin striking a mine timber when he fell."

THE SAINTS AND ANIMALS

IN Bulgaria St. Nestor's day is kept holy in honor of the mice, all holes in the house being plastered up so that the eyes of the mice may remain closed to the good things of the house. On St. Mina's day an offering is made of the best cock to insure good health to the remaining poultry. St. Andrew's day belongs to the young people and the bears. Maize is thrown in handfuls through the chimney while one calls out, "Here, bear, is some corn for you, but you must let our men and cattle alone."

THE Rodeo has reached Australia. At Sydney the president of the S. P. C. A., with the police, stopped the worst features of the exhibition.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A. 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, *Vice-President*
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treasurer*
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	628
Animals examined	4,993
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	17
Horses taken from work	55
Horses humanely put to sleep	191
Small animals humanely put to sleep	487
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	73,480
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	140

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. acknowledges gifts during December of \$100 each from Dr. W. L. R., Miss M. J., and Mrs. L. D. M.; \$50 each from Mrs. C. H. W., the Women's Auxiliary of the Angell Animal Hospital, and the C. I. T. fund; \$35 from Miss G. F. for endowment of free dog kennel, for one year, "in memory of Boy"; \$40 from Mrs. E. F. M.; \$30 from Miss B. H.; \$25 each from R. J., C. H., Mrs. J. F. L., Mrs. F. H. W., and L. K. E.; and \$20 from W. W. C.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Augustus Wheeler of Milford; Mrs. Sarah J. Briggs of Boston; Miss Maude C. Swallow of Quincy; Mary Pinkham Tilley of Boston; and Mrs. Abbie Burr of Newton.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$1,000 from a New York friend. January 13, 1925.

THE president of the Junior Jack London Club of Melrose, Mass., sent us five dollars as the Club's gift for the Horses' Christmas Tree, and said, "The young people of the Club have sacrificed 'good times' and candies in order to send the five dollars." We hope Christmas will more than make up the sacrifice to them.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 649	Cases 1,181
Dogs 437	Dogs 889
Cats 185	Cats 281
Horses 21	Birds 6
Birds 4	Horses 3
Monkey 1	Monkey 1
Ocelot 1	Mouse 1
Operations 421	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 45,448	
Free Dispensary cases 63,115	
Total 108,563	

GOOD ADVICE

TO the driver who would start his heavily-loaded team here is a bit of excellent advice from the Horse Association of America:

The driver must hold his lines taut. Experience has shown that nearly all drivers get excited and push on the lines, thereby virtually turning the horses loose at the very moment that they need to be steadied by a moderate pressure on the bit.

Whipping is worse than useless. The experience of practical teamsters proves conclusively that no pair of horses can or will exert their best efforts when fearful that they are about to be whipped. Fear interferes with the deliberate, careful placing of feet and legs.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

CONVICTED AND CONVERTED

SHIVERING and suffering in this miserable shanty, a pair of oxen and a heifer were found in the early days of winter by Officers Fuller and Pearson of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. With windows gone, gaping cracks in walls and roof, many days' accumulation of frozen filth, the animals had less protection from the weather than if they were compelled to shift for themselves out in the open. The owner, a hermit living in South Hanson, Mass., had been cautioned and told to provide habitable quarters for his animals. He did not heed the warning.

A second visit of the humane officers found conditions unchanged, and the owner was taken into court to answer for his criminal negligence. He was charged with failing to provide the animals with proper food, shelter and protection from the weather, convicted and fined \$25. The stock was at once removed to a warm and comfortable barn. The Judge told the defendant that he should not have any animals, as he was unfit to care for them humanely. Upon leaving the courtroom defendant said he was glad that he had been found guilty and penalized, for now he knew that he must take care of his stock.



M. S. P. C. A. OFFICERS FOUND HERE CATTLE EXPOSED AND SUFFERING

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see inside front cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

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Nicasio Zulaica C.	Chile
F. W. Dieterich	China
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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
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Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**"WHOE'ER restores a young bird to the limb
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in
need,**

**Is one of Christ's helpers, whatever his creed,
Clasps hands with 'the angel that comforted
Him.'**

**But whoe'er finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,
Is somehow in league with those who found
sport**

**In nailing the hands of the World's Greatest
Love.**

**Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!"**

WAR AND SOVEREIGNTY

WAR is still a popular theme. "The next war will mean this," "The next war will do that,"—these are expressions constantly heard. The army and navy officials predict the direst disasters for us unless we are equipped for war. Few will deny the value, at present at least, of an army and navy of sufficient size to command respect and to maintain order. But when you get a man or a nation thoroughly trained and ready for a fight, it's a fight that's going to come off sooner or later. At least that's been the story since time began.

Nothing it seems to us stands more stubbornly in the pathway of disarmament or of a real reduction in armaments, or of peace among the nations, than the fetish of what is called "Our Sovereignty." We are willing to confer with our sister nations, we will talk of reducing armaments, and of outlawing war, and of World Courts, but "Our Sovereignty"—never ask us for the sake of humanity or for anything else however sacred to allow unholy hands to profane this cherished idol.

"Our Sovereignty"—what is it? It is the sovereignty of democracy, not of the President, not of Congress, save as they represent the sovereign people, and sovereignty may be defined, no matter what shape it may take, as the possession of absolute power, "not necessarily exerted, but capable of being exerted." It is the asserted right, with our power to maintain it, of our citizens to refuse the slightest interference from without concerning anything we shall hold to affect our national honor. At least that would seem to be what is understood by it according to the jealous guardians of our liberties.

For the sake of the peace of the world, to show to other nations of the earth our willingness to do all in our power to avert so dread a calamity as war, why should we not acknowledge that even our precious "Sovereignty" was not too sacrosanct a thing to be lowered, if need be, a trifle from its lofty pedestal? Do not men cheerfully surrender at times their supreme right to complete independence of action for some end higher than themselves? Many used to think that their honor was stained unless they maintained it with sword or pistol. Is personal honor held in less esteem now than then? Surely a great nation, whose friendship no other nation would care to lose, could afford to be less jealous of its "Sovereignty" than many among us seem to think. If it be true, and who will dare deny it, that "Above all Nations is Humanity," then there certainly is something higher than any nation's sovereignty.

We shall never realize the dream of a warless world until we prepare for peace as strenuously as we have prepared for war, and for the sake of others as well as for our own sakes, show ourselves willing to stoop to conquer.

Since writing the above we have learned that at the recent meeting of the American Political Science Association Professor James W. Garner of the University of Illinois read a paper upon "Limitation upon National Sovereignty in International Relations," and that, with regard to the subject, David Jayne Hill said, "We are agreed that States are passing out of the penumbra of absolute power into the light of reason and law."

**Be Kind to Animals Week, April 13-18;
Humane Sunday, April 19, 1925.**



THIS FINE ANIMAL WAS PRESENTED TO A STATE PRISON BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE BAHAMAS

WE have just learned that on the evening of December 8 last there was held the first meeting for the organization of the Bahamas Humane Society. The gathering was a great success. The hall was full long before the time for the opening. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Cordeaux were present, the Governor opening the meeting. He spoke of his pleasure in the organization of the Society and said that nothing would give him greater pride than to assist in the forming of a society for the protection of our dumb animals. He further said, and this is significant:

"Nothing has contributed more to the advancement of humanity in general than animal protection. It was animal protection in the first place which led to child protection. I am exceedingly gratified to know that humane education is one of the chief things that the society just being organized is endeavoring to introduce into the schools of the Islands."

We learn of this with great pleasure because through a friend of the Society here in Massachusetts, Miss Pearl A. Maynard, we were brought into correspondence with the Board of Education and the day before this information reached us we had sent the secretary of the Board and each of the ninety-five teachers of the schools of the Islands quite a package of literature giving advice and help in the introduction of humane education in the schools.

With the hearty endorsement of the Governor and of other leading citizens of the Islands who were present at the organization of the Society, the future of its work in the Bahamas seems sure. In this we greatly rejoice.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS BLOTTERS

WE have a new blotter, size 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, with the words BE KIND TO ANIMALS in large type. The price is 50 cents per hundred, in any quantity, with an extra charge of \$1 for inserting the donor's name and address. Send for free sample to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Poems Our Ancestors Knew

I. ON A SPIDER

REV. EDWARD LITTLETON, LL. D.

England (1698-1733)

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.

Whilst I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou drawest thy slender string with pain;
So does he labor, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better show it;
'Tis ten to one but perury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

HIS LAST WORDS AS GOVERNOR

IN his farewell message to the people of Maine, delivered before the joint convention of Senate and House, Gov. Percival P. Baxter said:

"As Governor, I have not hesitated to plead for the animals of our State who are unable to speak for themselves. I have called attention to the duties we owe all of these creatures and have emphasized the need of our being kind and merciful toward them. I have felt it proper to criticize certain so-called 'sports' that involve cruelty, for I detest the sport which owes its pleasure to another's pain.

"Progress in human and humane education has been slow, and both children and animals too long have been neglected.

"Bear baiting, live pigeon shooting and dog and cock fighting and similar exhibitions until comparatively recently were recognized as 'gentlemanly sports.' Today they have passed into well-merited disgrace. Pulling contests at fairs, cruel slaughtering of food animals, cruel trapping and cruel motion pictures still remain. As to the last, I am glad to say that the State of Maine leads the country in having passed the first law prohibiting the exhibition of such pictures. Although not always enforced, this law has a restraining influence on picture exhibitors."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

The Slate-Colored Junco or Slate-Colored Snowbird

ALVIN M. PETERSON

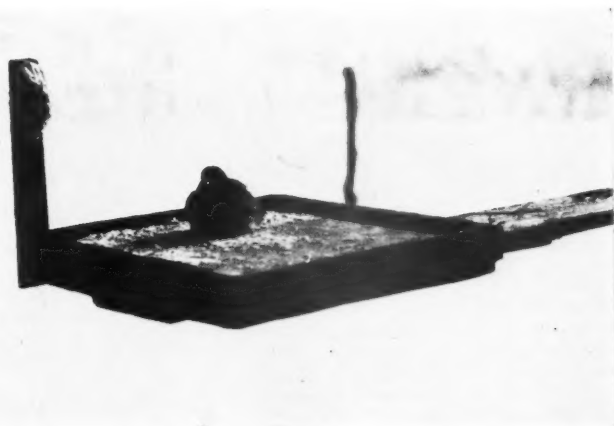
THE slate-colored juncos are among our most common winter birds. They migrate during the months of April and May and September and October, and consequently are with us for about eight months each year. During the other four months they are at their breeding grounds in the northern part of our most

Northern states and Canada. They make pleasant bird neighbors, flocks of them frequently being seen in weedy spots along roads and fences. There they hop over the ground picking up fallen weed seeds, or cling to dead weed stalks threshing and eating the seeds. Then, too, stray juncos visit us at our homes, feeding on the crumbs to be found among the sweepings. I first learned to know these birds sixteen years ago, when two or three of them visited us each day for a meal of bread crumbs. The snows were deep and the weather very cold and the birds needed help. These juncos were generally accompanied by a few English sparrows.

Juncos when flying display their white outer tail feathers. Because of this, Samuel Scoville, Jr., in his charming book, "Everyday Adventures," speaks of them as "white-skirted juncos." The birds, as the name indicates, are slate-colored above. They have light straw-colored bills and are light underneath. A line across the breast divides the dark and light parts of their plumage and serves as a field-mark when the birds are seen from the front. They are about as large as English sparrows.

Juncos are quite musical during their spring migration. They migrate in good-sized flocks. They trill or twitter continually in low, scarcely audible tones and flit about among the weeds and bushes. They often seem to say "cheu, cheu, cheu, cheu" when feeding. But get too near them and they voice their alarm with sharp "chick" or "click" notes that remind one of the louder but otherwise quite similar alarm note of the brown thrasher.

The slate-colored snowbird belongs to the same family of birds as the sparrows. It is a seed-eater and shows it by the shape of its stout bill, which is conical and well adapted to threshing and crushing weed seeds. When the snows are deep, it feeds on the seeds of tall weeds, such as certain mints, the evening primrose, mullein, and lamb's quarter. Of course, at other times, its food supply is not limited and then it eats the seeds of many other weeds. Because of its feeding habits



SLATE-COLORED JUNCO FEEDING ON FOOD TRAY

it is a very valuable bird to farmers and gardeners. It never does any harm, and how much life and good cheer it adds to the outdoor world, especially in winter!

It is sure to take advantage of food scattered on the ground or placed on a food tray for it during severe winter weather. It is confiding, too, and does not hesitate to come to the porch or doorstep for a bite to eat. Crumbs, oatmeal, crushed grains, and other similar foods may be offered it. A little sand or gravel should also be placed on the tray, for birds need a little grit in their diet.

It is amusing to watch juncos when feeding. How rapidly they move their lower mandibles as though carefully chewing their food before swallowing it. On cold days, they come with feathers all fluffed out to keep warm. Then they squat low on the tray and cover their feet with their feathers. They know how to keep them warm when the thermometer registers twenty-five or more degrees below zero. Juncos seem listless on cold days, but on warmer ones are alert and energetic. They flit about a great deal on warm, sunny days and chase each other in their play. "Modest in manner and attire," writes Mr. Frank M. Chapman, "there is nothing of especial interest in the junco's habits, and only bird-lovers can understand what a difference his presence makes in a winter landscape. It brings a sense of companionship; it is a link between us and Nature."

EXHIBITION OF BIRD PICTURES

SIXTY bird paintings, by H. C. Denslow, the well-known artist, will be exhibited at the Copley Gallery, 103 Newbury Street, Boston, January 26 to February 8. These paintings have been shown twice at the American Museum, New York, and in various other cities. All are invited to view this exhibition.

THERE is a movement by the New England Federation of Bird Clubs for the protection of certain colonies of sea-birds along the Atlantic coast. Under the plan these colonies are to be examined by competent ornithologists, and protection given to them.

WAITING FOR HIS MASTER

M. C. STARKEY

IN the hectic days of war preparation, when training camps all over the country were filled with earnest young men developing iron muscles and skill in war tactics, the leisure hours of one of these earnest young men were brightened by the companionship of a loving admirer, a shaggy shepherd dog. When the dog's master and most of the other men at this training point, Camp Kearney, way down on the western border of southern California, were sent overseas, faithful "Shep" was, of necessity, left behind. And of those that remained at the camp none ever knew whether that master escaped the German bullets—or lies sleeping on the fields of France. At any rate he never returned to claim his old pal and may have even forgotten the dog's very existence.

But Shep never forgot the doughboy he loved. After his master went away he stayed on at the camp, and there was always someone to see that he did not lack for care. He made friends with each new-comer, greeting each as he arrived with a friendly, expectant wag of his tail and enquiring eyes, then turning away with drooping head, for, alas, his loved master was never one of them.

When the war was over a part of Camp Kearney was turned into a hospital post, and there many world war veterans are still fighting to regain their sacrificed health. And of the thousands of disabled men who have come and gone, some sent home as cured, or as "retarded" cases, and some to join their buddies who fell in France, not many have escaped the close inspection of faithful Shep. Each new-comer still holds out a promise of proving to be the still loved doughboy of Shep's young days. And perhaps his love and faithfulness will yet be rewarded, for some returning veteran may get in touch with his master, or that master's own eyes may chance upon these, or other printed lines that pay tribute to Shep's unflinching devotion to the doughboy's memory.

SPLITTING EVEN

A SAUSAGE manufacturer in Milwaukee built a reputation for a certain brand of sausage.

A sanitary inspector called one day for an analysis.

"Don't you use some horse in this make of sausage?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, I use some," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Well, I make it a 50-50 proposition—one horse, one rabbit."



THE DEAD DOG AND THE MASTER

LOUELLA C. POOLE

DOWN to Jerusalem, we're told,
Our Savior went one day,
With heart of love and brooding eyes,
As he pursued his way,
When he espied a poor dead dog
That by the roadside lay.

Think you unheeding he passed by—
Unfeelingly he sped
Upon his way? Ah, no, he paused
To view the humble dead;
"Pearls are no whiter than his teeth,"
The Master softly said.

Compassion infinite and love
So filled that gentle breast,
His tenderness reached out to all
Of this world's lowliest,
And even beauty found in that
Poor lifeless clay at rest.

CRUELTY OF CROPPING DOG'S EARS

THE American Humane Association has started a campaign to prevent the needless cropping of the ears of dogs. The various kennel clubs are asked to aid by barring from all shows dogs mutilated in this way. Dr. J. C. Flynn, a prominent veterinarian of Kansas City, denounces the practice as "inflicting a painful, barbarous and unnecessary mutilation of our poor dumb friends." The accompanying illustrations are used by courtesy of *Our Animals*, San Francisco.



With his silly little pointed ears, this pretty dog is reduced to the status of a slap-stick comedian

This poor little creature is a victim of the barbarous fashion of ear clipping, first resorted to in the days of dog fights to prevent chewing of the ears by opponents

OUR AMERICAN KNIGHT

HE was not born in a castle—our American knight; no, indeed, far from it. He was born in a little log cabin in the wilderness. He was not clothed in shining armor; nor did he ride about on a great horse. No, he was dressed in a homemade suit—the shirt was of homespun, while the coat, trousers and moccasins were of deerskin—and on his head he wore no helmet, but a cap of raccoon skin, with the tail of the animal hanging down his back. He had no shield or spear or sword with which to defend himself, and he was born into a fighting life of hardship in those pioneer days in the wilderness. But he had great strength and he used this strength for the good and the right.

It is not the shining armor or the castle home, however, which makes of man a knight; it is rather the spirit of knighthood—the feeling of brotherly love and tenderness for all those who are in sorrow or distress, the courteous care for those who are weak and oppressed, the desire to right their wrongs and protect them in every way. And this knightly spirit was early shown by him when he was but a boy in the backwoods.

They tell a story of how he came into the schoolyard one morning and found a group of his playfellows torturing some poor turtles by placing red-hot coals upon their backs to make them crawl faster, when suddenly our young knight came into their midst. He was only one among many; but he forced those boys to brush away the coals and let the turtles go.

And later, when he went into the school-room, he wrote his first composition on "Showing Kindness to Dumb Animals"; and all his life he did this.

At another time, when he was helping his father to move the family over into the wilderness of Illinois, in the excitement of crossing a stream swollen by the ice and snow his little pet dog was forgotten. Suddenly they heard a loud barking from the bank opposite. "Yer, yer, yer; don't leave me here!" yelped the poor doggie.

It was too much for the strong young knight; but his father refused to recross the swollen stream with his oxen and heavy load.

"Then I must go!" said the young man, and, pulling off his shoes and socks, he waded through the icy water. Shaking with the cold he returned triumphant, holding in his arms the poor little shivering dog.

When he put the dog down upon the ground the little fellow bounced about, wagging his tail and trying to lick the feet and hands of his friend, as he barked his thanks. Long afterward, in speaking of this experience, the young man said:

"His frantic leaps of joy, and other evidences of a dog's gratitude, amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Later we hear of our young knight, no longer as the pioneer backwoodsman, but as a young lawyer. One time, when he was dressed in his best clothes and was riding from one country town to another in order to make a speech, he suddenly heard by the roadside a pitiful squealing and as he looked he saw a poor pig sinking in the mud.

"Eee-eee-eee!" cried the poor pig. As much as to say: "Aren't you going to help me out?"

"I really am sorry for you, piggy," said the young man to himself, "but I cannot help you, I am dressed in my best clothes."

He started to ride on, but the feeling of pity for anything in trouble came to him; so he

jumped from his horse, waded out in the mud and pulled the pig from the mire. When his friends teased him as they heard the reason for his mud-stained condition, he said:

"I couldn't help it. I just had to do it. I could not stand the look in that pig's eyes as I rode by. It seemed to say to me: 'There goes my last chance.'"

Another time, when he was riding with a party of friends, he was missed, and when they turned to look for him there was the tall, ungainly knight bending over in the road. When he rejoined his friends they asked impatiently: "What caused your delay?"

The kind knight smiled gently upon them and answered: "Two young birds were blown by the wind from their nest. I could not have slept unless I had restored those helpless little creatures to their mother."

The hand that lifted the baby birds and restored them to their nest was the hand chosen to lift up a broken people and free them from the curse of slavery. Truly, when we read his life story, we know of no knight of old who ever gave to the world more deeds of valor or showed a more heroic devotion to the cause of duty than has our American knight, Abraham Lincoln.

BOBBY QUAIL MEETS TRAGIC END

MILTON J. PHILLIPS

BOBBOY QUAIL, the Pittsburgh school pet, is dead after putting up as game a fight to live as anyone could have done. And the sad thing about it is that he met death by an accident, entirely apart from the gunshot wound that threatened to take his life for several weeks, while 150 anxious high school students looked on, making hundreds of daily inquiries as to how he was doing.

When he was first brought into the laboratory, the little right wing was hanging down; in fact, it dragged on the ground and he walked as if hobbled. At the time, the wound was slightly larger than the bullet, but was angry looking. The muscles about it were markedly green. Altogether, it looked like an advanced case of blood poisoning and for the first day or two the students resigned themselves to looking for his death at any time. Two days passed; three, four, and he was eating a little of the parched corn and wheat, but was leaning weakly against the side of the big cage.

When the fifth day came, there was a clamor to do something, even "if we must get a doctor." We took the little fellow and found that the wound had lengthened. It looked as if the wing might sluff off. Student hearts were sympathetic. "He's fighting for his life," declared Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores alike, "and we should be helping him."

We scalded the wound thoroughly, and painted the green muscles about it with iodine, being careful to keep the dressing out of the wound. Then we set it as best we could and strapped it with adhesive tape tightly to his side. He was like a human being with a broken arm in a sling, except he couldn't move his wing. Student interest, and teacher interest, too, reached a peak of anxiety by that time.

For the first twenty-four hours he was just like a human being. He couldn't balance himself and tumbled over every time he tried to stand. After that he had control of those orientation centers and walked readily. He began to show improvement in his eating,

walked about quite a good bit, and cried very little. He was clearly a convalescing patient.

Inquiries poured into the laboratory daily, just as if he had been a human patient. Then Thanksgiving vacation came. The building would be deserted for several days, the fires would go down, and it would be cold in the laboratory. Students said that will not do. He must go home with some one. Fifty would have carried that big cage several squares to their homes, but several automobiles were at his disposal, rather at the disposal of whoever took Bobby home.

He had an automobile ride, then a street car ride thrown in, and was guest of honor for two days. And all was propitious; he was bright and active and would use a wood call softly now and again, something he had not done formerly.

The third morning he was dead, and there's no explanation except, possibly, a broken neck. During the night there was barking of dogs back of the house where he was staying; in fact, under his window, suddenly. It is supposed that he was frightened and jumped wildly, striking his head hard against the wires. It is entirely credible. No post mortem was held on the neck, but the adhesive straps were removed from the wing. The bone appeared to have set, and the muscles about it had lost the greenness and looked normal in color, but were drawn and weak, similar to human muscles just out of a plaster paris cast.

At the next meeting of the Zoology Club, one of the interesting items of the program was a full report of Bobby's convalescence and the inference explaining his sudden death.

There is an almost unanimous call from the students to get another laboratory pet, and there's an offer of a carrier pigeon, but there are human interest reasons why the laboratory should not keep a little prisoner indefinitely.

THE SAN DIEGO SANCTUARY

M. C. STARKEY

SAN DIEGO, California, has set a fine example for other cities to follow, in creating a wild fowl sanctuary at its very doors.

Just north of this city's wonderful landlocked harbor on San Diego Bay, there is another large sheltered body of water that is referred to as "false" bay because of the shallowness that prevents it being used by craft larger than pleasure boats and fishing smacks. This body of water covers many acres and is separated from the real San Diego Bay by low ground, and on the curving landward sides it is fringed with willows and other thick scrubby growth. This makes it an ideal resort for water fowl, and until it was set aside by the city authorities, this past autumn, for a bird sanctuary, it was a favorite place for duck hunting. After much agitation upon the part of lovers of the wild things of the air and water, and much opposition upon the part of those who resented interference with their "sport," the councilmen of San Diego passed an ordinance that for all time prohibits the hunting or trapping of wild fowl upon or around this body of water. And now its calm blue depths daily reflect the varied plumage of many varieties of wild duck, wild geese, pelicans, sea gulls, and an occasional heron, that peacefully float and call to each other; with nothing more disturbing than the put-put of gasoline pleasure boats to mar their happy, inoffensive existence.



NEWA. THE CURIOUS

C. H. THOMAS

NEWHA, Canadian black bear cub, was the pet and playmate of Malcolm S. Chambers at Elkview, Pennsylvania. She was brought down a rough and rapid river in Canada for over 700 miles, in a canoe with two Indian guides, and then carried over 200 miles of Canadian wilds, to Minneapolis, Minn. From there she was taken to Elkview, Pa., arriving about June 10, 1923, a small, but beautiful cub, not much larger than an Angora cat.

Newa did not live long enough to reach full growth, but in her young life she was an object of constant interest to everybody. Fully 2,000 people came to see her and play with her and watch her go through her funny antics. She would do anything to amuse the youngsters and was perfectly safe so long as no one teased her.

Newa was on good terms with the cats, and would have liked to be friendly with the Chambers collie but the dog soon made her understand there could be no friendship between them. One of her greatest pleasures was to climb upon the barn roof or the windmill tower or high up in the trees, where she often stayed all night. Up until the time she wandered away, which resulted in her death, she had never been off the place, although being allowed her liberties for most of the time. She would climb up in Mr. Chambers' lap and take candy from his lips, never once showing the least disposition to be cross. She was real fun for the youngsters, stepping around nimbly on her hind feet and holding her own in a friendly boxing match with Mr. Chambers. Sometimes, when she decided she was being gotten the best of, she would quickly climb up the willow tree and apparently grin as much as to say, "Come up here after me, if you dare." Coaxing her to come down was useless; she would not budge, but the minute you walked away as if not caring whether she minded or not, down she would come in a jiffy. If she was at the other end of the lawn when visitors came, she would come right down to see if they had anything for her good to eat. She had a wonderful curiosity, strange and varied idiosyncracies, and was a beautiful specimen of the bear family far removed from her natural habitat.

A VERY small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "Where are you going to take that dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and twenty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these, 145 were in schools of Virginia; 99 in schools of Texas; 59 in schools of Rhode Island; 51 in schools of Georgia; 49 in schools of Massachusetts; 10 in schools of Tennessee; four in schools of Wisconsin; three in schools of Minnesota; two in schools of Syria; and one each in schools of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Washington.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 149,397

HUMANE EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

A CORRESPONDENT—a business man in an important industrial town—sends *The Anti-Vivisection Journal*, London, an account of some excellent work which is being done to inculcate in children humaneness towards animals.

Some fifty years ago, an ancestor of the correspondent invested a sum of money, of which the yearly proceeds were to be expended on prizes at certain day-schools; these prizes to be awarded for proficiency in "The Three R's" and in "Religious Knowledge."

The friend has added to these some special yearly prizes for "Humanity." An examination paper is set of which all the questions relate to the humane treatment of animals. Among the six items in the paper for this year's examination is one calling for the writing of a short essay entitled "Kindness to Animals."



"THEODORE ROOSEVELT," MARION, OHIO
Born in the home of Dr. G. T. Harding, father of President Harding, and raised in the home of the grandmother of Secretary George B. Christian. "He weighs twelve pounds, and is smart enough to stand on his hind feet and open any door he wishes to enter. We suspect that he is a Republican.



OLD BLIND BIDDY

BLANCHE STODDARD EASON

YOU can't hardly see at all.

Can you, Biddy?

But you always hear me call,

Don't you, Biddy?

And you come right straight to me,

Even though you cannot see,

For you know my voice is me—

Don't you, Biddy?

Nice to have a pet like you—

Ain't it, Biddy?

And you know I love you, too—

Don't you, Biddy?

When your friends leave you behind,

And you think they are not kind,

Come to me, and never mind—

Won't you, Biddy?

Here is food, and drink, and sand,

For you, Biddy—

You may eat it from my hand—

That's right, Biddy.

When you pick—it feels so funny!

Wouldn't bite me, would you honey?

Not for lots and lots o' money—

Nice old Biddy.

When I sit and hold you—so,

Old Blind Biddy,

All I say you seem to know—

Don't you, Biddy?

And you "talk—talk—talk" to me,

And you sing so happily,

Makes me smile—but you can't see,

Can you, Biddy?

I can lift you if I try,

Can't I, Biddy?

But you're oh, so heavy—my!

Ain't you, Biddy?

I must hurry up and grow,

'Cause when I'm a man, you know,—

Take you everywhere I go,

Honest, Biddy.

"SALLIE AND SUSIE"

H. H. JACOBS

ON the Saturday before Christmas, last year, a boy died who during the brief time he lived had made a place for himself that when he was gone seemed never again to be filled. Not only with his own people but everywhere that he had gone, trying to hold on to the life that he had made so worthwhile, and in his own home town, it was wonderful how much they all cared.

Christmas was a silent day. Even the boys were quiet in the streets. Every plan was hushed and dignified because of him.

Then there were "Sallie" and "Susie." Just two little spotted pigs. Motherless a few weeks before, and the Boy had adopted them. He was tender and gentle to everything, and wise also and thoughtful. He had known just how to feed Sallie and Susie that they might not suffer discomfort from the changed conditions. He had been so patient and so faithful in looking after them. Even when he was growing very tired, he never failed them.

They were housed in a building which had no inclosing fence, and that they might have the advantage of the out-of-doors sunshine, he daily carried them across the yard to an inclosure and back again before the sun went away from the spot. They had no fear of his hands. They loved and trusted him.

They lost him, too. When he did not come out any more, they lifted up their quaint little heads and watched and waited. When others tried to lift them, though ever so tenderly, they trembled and cried out. The touch was not the same to them.

Sallie and Susie are to live out their natural lives. For the Boy's sake they are to be spared the cruel fate of their kind.

May it not be that some thought of them and their humble little part in a great sorrow, their association with a beautiful young life that has ended, will come to us all as an appeal for the cause of slaughter-house reform?

We must face facts. The world will be a long time yet in the packing-house business. God alone can separate men from money. But there can be legislation. There can be vast improvements. The humblest follower adds strength to the leader. For our Boy then, who went away at Christmas-time, and for wee Sallie and Susie who watch for the opening of the door, do all that you can do.



OFFICERS OF "BE KIND TO ANIMALS CLUB"

With 632 active members in Public School No. 9, Wilmington, Del. From this beginning, 8,000 children celebrated Be Kind to Animals Week in Wilmington last Spring.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



A LONG LOOK INTO THE NEW YEAR

WHEN "SKIP" WAS HAPPY

EMMA FLORENCE BUSH

SKIP," the squirrel, had always been a lively little fellow. All day long he had raced up and down the tree trunks, and jumped fearlessly from branch, and played tag through the tree-tops with his brothers and his sisters and his little squirrel cousins.

But Skip wasn't skipping any more. Instead of romping through the tree-tops he sat in the corner of a cage looking out at the free world. The only time he looked half happy was when Mark and Marie gave him nuts to eat. They could not understand it.

"Why doesn't he jump into his wheel and spin?" asked Marie. "I thought he would love it."

"I don't know, he doesn't seem lively," said Mark. "Perhaps if we took his cage out and hung it on the branch of a tree he would like it better."

But Skip did not seem any happier. The children left the cage hanging on the tree, and some of his old friends came to see him when he was alone, but poor Skip, who longed more than ever for the old free life, did not have much to say to them.

"I think your squirrel will die soon," said a caller who looked at him. "Squirrels do not like to be shut up in cages."

"Do you think he will die, mother?" asked Marie after the caller had gone.

Mother put down her knitting. "You and Mark run all around all day," she said. "In and out of the house, around the yard, down town and to school. How would you feel if you were shut up in one room and could only look out of the window and see others coming and going as they pleased?"

Skip still sat in the corner of his cage looking at all the wild, free life around him. All at once he saw Mark and Marie coming toward his cage. They did not bring nuts as usual, but fumbled around the cage a minute and went away.

All at once Skip noticed a hole where he had never seen one before. He started slowly and carefully toward it. All at once he saw it led to the glad, free out-of-doors, and in a minute he was through, whisking toward the highest tree-tops and chattering with his friends who had been so unhappy to see him shut in the cage.

What a nice flavor the nuts had, now he was free! How good each bud and leaf tasted! And how fine it was to play tag once more through the trees!

Two quiet little children stole back to mother. "We opened the door," they said, "and we are never going to keep anything wild in a cage again."

CHOW PUPPIES

RAY H. GROSS

OUR names are Ping-Wing-Ching-Chang-Ming,
And I am Wing,—the best;
That's true; I heard the master say,
He soon will sell the rest.

I ate his slipper yesterday,
Gave the remains to Ching;
He caught her with them—punished her
And raved like anything.

Today I found a garter snake,
And passed it on to Ping,
Just as the mistress picked him up;
She made the welkin ring.

Just now I stole Ming's juicy bone;
He chased me and I sprang,
Upsetting the aquarium
All over Ming and Chang.

I heard my master's son remark;
(He now is home from Prep)
"That Wing seems an attractive pup,
But needs a bit more pep!"

THE DONKEYS OF CLOVELLY

THE most picturesque village in England" is what Mary Ellen Chase calls Clovelly in an interesting description in the *Wellspring*. She says that Clovelly is situated on the North Devonshire coast, on a bay of the sea, and sheltered from the Atlantic winds and storms by great brown cliffs on either side. It is literally built upon the face of a rocky hill, and its one narrow street, the High Street, is well-named, for it is made in the form of cobbled-stone steps, which mount from the sea to the summit of the hill. So narrow and precipitous is this street that no vehicles of any kind can be used in Clovelly. Only patient, sure-footed donkeys go up and down, carrying panniers of fish or vegetables, and sometimes children or grown-ups, too, who take this easier way of mounting from sea to hill. These donkeys are part of the charm of Clovelly. Long-eared, shaggy, and patient, they climb up and down, down and up, for hours, driven by sturdy, brown-legged lads who are as sure-footed as they from long experience in climbing over stones. Then, their work over for a few moments, they sleep in the sunshine, dreamily flicking away the flies with their long ears and short, stubby tails.

THE VIRTUE OF THRIFT

THOSE who do not know France except through press articles, short visits to Paris, the world's capital of luxury, learning and amusement, might easily fancy that France as a whole was extravagant and spend-thrift—strange error—for France as a nation is exceedingly thrifty. The glories of Paris are the result of thrift. The peasant or workman arriving often on foot and often from long distances, wearing a blouse and sabots, looks around him with eyes of wonder and admiration; his heart beats the faster at its unimaginable splendors, his ambition is aroused, asking himself, Can I also partake of this splendor? Yes, there is one way—one way only—work, thrift, courage will realize his newly-born ambition. Most Frenchmen have these qualities—born workers. Our peasant sets himself resolutely to the self-imposed task, to become by hard persistent work well-to-do. He “arrives,” as the French say; he gives his children a good education. The grandchildren of the man of blouse and sabots become “somebodies”; instead of staring with envy at the passing handsome carriages and luxurious automobiles, he buys one himself; his boys go to college, all the professions are open to them; the girls go to the convent schools and learn everything that is useful for a woman to know. The French Prime Minister declared in a recent speech that France had always in her most tragic history been saved by her brave workers and traditional thrift, and would always be so.

EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

Paris, France.

VEGETARIANISM AND BIBLICAL PROPHECY

VIRGINIA W. SARGENT

I AM a live vegetarian who has for fourteen years enjoyed the physical and humane benefits of abstinence from animal products. The morning of November 2 brings startlingly to my mind the realization that it is “rabbit and game season,” and that now every day until February, when I pass through the big market of our capital city, added to the natural revulsion which I, as a strict vegetarian, experience the year round at the constant sight of the regular meat and poultry display, I must be further saddened by the impression on my mind of the thousands of limp, glassy-eyed bodies of little cotton-tail rabbits hanging in gruesome festoons along the counters, interspersed here and there, for variation, by a bunch of squirrels, possums, or coons, and an occasional deer or bear, the skins and heads of the smaller victims tracked in the dust of the street.

I think of the flaming autumn woods and fields where only a few short days ago they fed and played in the joy of living as God meant they should, and then I think of man's greed and his lack of the sense of harmony. Why must his gratification of a perverted appetite be obtained with the life blood of sentient, innocent creatures, when the natural fruits of the earth, the great harvests of cereals, nuts, roots, vegetables and fruits are simply bursting with clean vital nourishment and energy for the maintenance of man's best physical, moral and spiritual health? Why can't we let ourselves begin to experience here and now the joys and beauties of that day which the Creator, through the words of the great prophet, tells us is surely coming, when, with the ceasing of bloodshed, by both man

and beast, “The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; . . . and a little child shall lead them . . . and the lion shall eat straw with the ox.” (Isaiah 11: 6, 7.)

A CHEERING WORD

NOT all the letters received in our office contain such pleasing messages as did this one, from a subscriber in Ontario:—

“Enclosed find one dollar to renew my subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. I have taken the magazine for years and find it increasing in interesting articles and stories with every issue.

“Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy and successful year in your good work.”

AN UNMUZZLED DOG

ON Christmas eve, Officer Tim Barnard of Nashua, N. H., shot at one of the city's unmuzzled dogs, doomed by an edict of the aldermen to be killed. The officer missed. The dog, with every manifestation of joy, with tail wagging a welcome, ran up to the officer and, licking his hands, showed in dog language that there were no hard feelings. The man gazed at the dog a few minutes, took it up and carried it to the station house. “If this dog is to be shot somebody else will have to do it,” he remarked as he put the animal in a cell.

WHEN we lack the society of our fellow-men, we take refuge in that of animals without always losing by the change. FABRE



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